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The Golden Rule Against the [illegible] Gold

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AROUSE YE, COMRADES! FORTH AND TELL

By Rev. Robert Whitaker

Arouse ye, Comrades! forth and tell
The strife is sore, but all is well.
Though ebbs or flows this passing fray,
Our cause grows stronger day by day.

Our Cause, the age-long cause of man,
With courage now the centuries scan,
The heirs of all the years are we
Who know the truth that makes men free.

The truth of truths, that none succeed
Who build upon a brother's need;
That all must fail, or all must win,
And only wrong to man is sin.

Ours are the Prophet souls of old,
And ours the martyrs, brave and bold,
And ours the morrow: shout and sing!
For ours the truth that shall be king.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST

By George Vail Williams

(An Address Delivered at a Church Banquet.)

I am a Socialist because Socialism offers the only rational explanation of the evils which exist in the social and industrial world—poverty, panics, trusts, etc.—and presents the only practical solution of the grave problems that confront the world today.

The Socialist philosophy claims that poverty is no longer necessary. It is the direct result of the wanton waste of human labor incidental to the individualistic system of industry, and what more conclusive evidence of the truth of this claim is required than the well known facts that the introduction of labor-saving machinery has enabled us to produce (in a given time) sixteen times as much wealth as our grandfathers did, and that it is still an open question if the masses of humanity are any better off as the result of machine production. The fact that the wonderful progress of the past century has not completely abolished poverty is proof positive that something is radically wrong with the present industrial system.

Though I could name many leaks in our system, I will only speak of the four principal ones.

First, Anarchy in production; lack of organization in industry. The initiative in business being free to all individuals, there is no reliable way of ascertaining the amount of any given product required, nor the preparations others are making to meet that demand. Thus business becomes a mad scramble in which most of the participants get left. It is stated upon reliable authority that at least four out of five fail in their efforts to achieve success. Surely then, society under the competitive system stands about as good a chance of rising above its poverty as a tailor who used cloth enough to make five suits in completing one would of getting rich, or a farmer who harvested but one crop in five years would of paying the mortgage on his farm.

The second leak is Competition. This is undoubtedly the greatest cause of the waste of labor referred to. It would be bad enough to go to war with an army so badly disorganized that each company was independent of every other company with no officer higher than a captain, and each with his own plan of campaign. But when you conceive of those companies beginning actual hostilities against each other, you have a glimpse of the impossibility of competitive industry ever overcoming the common foes of the race—hunger, cold, disease and ignorance. Nor is it overdrawing the picture to compare economic strife to physical warfare, for the consequences of failure and defeat are as serious and the suffering of both the active participants and those depending upon them is as great.

And really it is as foolish for men to antagonize each other in business, as it would be for them to try to move a wagon up hill by all pulling in different directions.

Third, those cataclysms in the industrial world, commonly known as Panics or Business Depressions, are the cause of a tremendous drain upon the wealth of the world. After a few years of (so-called) prosperity, production overreaches consumption, supply gets out of step with demand, and when factories close, mines and railroads turn away help, and everyone is panic stricken. The capitalist withdraws his money from business. The thrifty workingmen who own their homes are forced to mortgage them. Pauperism, prostitution and crime increase, till the ransom of a nation is wasted.

The fourth leak is Idle Capital and Labor; for when labor is idle it produces nothing, and the world really loses what it might have produced; and when capital is idle (under this system), labor must be also. It is said that "capital is timid." Should it not be timid, when its chance of success is only one in five? And it is said that "labor is lazy." Who can blame labor for laziness, when, as John Stuart Mill expresses it: "The reward of labor is bestowed in proportion to the work performed in inverse ratio." In other words, the more useful work you do, the less you get for it; and the less useful work you do, the more you get. And it is not even regarded as an honor to work, but a positive disgrace.

Any one of these four great leaks mentioned would be sufficient to keep the world forever in poverty if the other three were stopped. Take it all in all, easily four-fifths of human labor is lost, and will and must be lost as long as this insane competitive system exists.

Socialistic philosophy declares that the panic is simply the result of the mathamatical fact that 25 cents is not the equivalent of one dollar. The workers created (from raw material) new value, worth one dollar, and priced at one dollar in the market. Of this dollar they receive a fraction, say 25 cents. Now the question is, will those who receive the other 75 cents use it all in the purchase of those goods in the market? If there remains a fraction of them unsold each year they will accumulate until sales cease, and when sales cease production must cease. And the only way to prevent these cataclysms is to give every one the full value of what they produce and to so organize industry that production will always keep step with demand, and that can be done only under a co-operative system.

It is fashionable to regard the trust as an evil, and to talk of legislating it out of existence, but how it does thrive! To try to break the trust by legislation is about as wise a piece of statesmanship as was the mandate of King Canute to the waves that washed the shore of Britain; or the attempt of Xerxes to chain the Hellespont. The more intelligent of our captains of industry have discovered that competition is not the life of business, and they have among themselves and for themselves, adopted co-operation in its place. The trust is really the germ of the future social order and only needs to be carried to its logical conclusion to open a golden future to the race. All admit that the trust is a good thing for those in it. Then why not all of us get in it?

The trust will develop and consolidate until it is plain to every thinking man that the complete control of all industry by one great concern is inevitable. Then we will be forced to choose between private and public ownership of the great Trust. Private ownership would be the worst despotism the world ever saw; public ownership would be Socialism, and when that is adopted all the grave economic problems that now confront the world—like so many spectres—will be forever solved.

Socialism does not propose a "dividing up" of the wealth of the world. On the contrary, it stands for concentration. It does not seek to attain the dead level of mediocracy to make every one eat the same kind of food, dress alike and live in the same kind of a home. It does not seek to destroy the church, nor the family, as has been charged by ignorant or unscrupulous opponents. It simply aims to place the business of the world in the hands of society and thus guarantee to every able-bodied person the opportunity to work and to live in peace and plenty, amid the glories of the greatest civilization the world has ever known, or to shirk his duty and starve or be banished from society. And to provide for the unfortunate, not as paupers, but as brothers and sisters of one great family.

Socialism aims also completely to abolish "the might of man over man," to eliminate from human society the tyrant and the slave, those complimentary and undesirable products of the competitive system. The substitution of social for individual initiative in industry would leave every individual free and independent of every other individual; and, for the first time since the dawn of history, give the world a taste of true freedom and teach everyman "to stand up straight before God."

The last and greatest reason why I am a Socialist is that Socialism aims to establish a social order based upon co-operation and fraternal love. To embody in the organic law of society the glorious principles of Christianity and of every other good religion. By the c[illegible]tive ownership of the means of production and distribution, every one would share every gain and every loss. The premium (which is now placed upon selfishness and dishonesty), would be placed upon honesty and generosity, and would thus stamp those noble qualities upon "human nature," giving it, indeed, a new birth. And the emancipation of men and women from the intense struggle for mere physical existence would leave them free to cultivate the arts and sciences for their own sake; free to soar into their native elements; the great and boundless realms of intellectual and spiritual research; free to drink at the fountain of Eternal Life, and poverty, cruelty and crime would vanish forever from the earth and the reign of justice and love, so long foretold, would be realized at last.

How good and how pleasant it is for men of such diverse views as ours to meet upon the common ground of social fellowship and mutual good will and compare our ideas. But it does seem to me that this pleasant and joyous gathering here tonight at the bountiful repast so kindly served by the ladies of the church is typical, is prophetic of that blessed time when "the creature comforts that now surround us, will be shared by all men. When culture and education will be universal. When above the dark deluge of blood and tears that has covered the earth so many ages, God's white dove shall come at last with the olive branch of peace. When the blood-stained flags of battle shall be forever furled and the war drums beat no more. When every child shall receive its rightful legacy of parental love and care. When every man shall be a true knight and every woman a queen; and when, in the words of the prophet of Israel, "Every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make him afraid; and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia

"Socialism is a moral reform; it is the vices of mankind and the misery resulting from these vices, to which Socialism wishes to put an end, and it seeks its means not in a new religious issue, but in a new social organization."

THE COSTLY WINE

O, Thou Harvester Divine!
In this earthly winepress—Thine—
Where the gods immortal dine.
Nectar wring from soul of mine!
. Crush the grape—but spare the wine!

Though I fall, faint and lorn,
Though my strength be slowly shorn,
Through the night until the dawn,
Press! distill me! and refine!
Purge the dross—but spare the wine!

Though my pride be humbled low;
Though my heart be breaking slow;
And life's hopes, like swallows, go;
Though my dreams, like sea mists, pass;
Tread the grape—but clasp the glass!

Then, when tears have turned to calm,
And when fears no more alarm,
Hold me in Thine outstretched arm!
Drink me! from Thy chalice fine!
Break the glass—but save the wine!

—Prof. Jno. Ward Stimson.
Redding, Conn.

IN A NEW DRESS

[The success of Prof. Rauschenbusch's noble book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," has been deservedly great, and the publication of a new edition with board cover at 50c. places it within the reach of all and fully justifies the space occupied by the following excellent and delightful criticism by Rufus W. Weeks. The book may be had in cloth for $1.60; in boards for 50c. Order of **The Christian Socialist.**]

The appearance of Prof. Rauschenbusch's book was a notable event in the long campaign for the winning of the Church to Socialism.

It is not an ephemeral book; it will be read and studied by increasing numbers for years to come.

I have just learned that Prof. Rauschenbusch is a D. D.—a doctor of divinity—which means in plain English, a teacher of God's ways to men; and surely through all the ages of theology no man has had a better right to that lofty title. It should not be forgotten in mentioning the book.

There is material in the successive chapters which will equip any minister for preaching a full course of addresses such as cannot but draw an audience of wide-awake people. The book is adapted to help our movement mightily by giving us the solid foundation of knowledge of historical facts, at last put into their true perspective; and by giving us the means of imparting such knowledge.

Prof. Rauschenbusch has a true imagination to which he gives quiet expression—as in this little parable, which introduces the chapter on "The Present Crisis:"

The Spirits of Past Centuries

When the Nineteenth Century died, its Spirit descended to the vaulted chamber of the Past, where the Spirits of the dead Centuries sit on granite thrones together. When the newcomer entered, all turned toward him and the Spirit of the Eighteenth Century spoke: "Tell thy tale, brother. Give us word of the human kind we left to thee."

"I am the Spirit of the Wonderful Century. I gave man the mastery over nature. Discoveries and inventions, which lighted the black space of the past like lonely stars, have clustered in a Milky Way of radiance under my rule. One man does by the touch of his hand what the toil of a thousand slaves never did. Knowledge has unlocked the mines of wealth, and the hoarded wealth of today creates the vaster wealth of tomorrow. Man has escaped the slavery of Necessity and is free.

"I freed the thoughts of men. They face the facts and know. Their knowledge is common to all. The deeds of the East at eve are known in the West at morn. They send their whispers under the seas and across the clouds.

"I broke the chains of bigotry and despotism. I made men free and equal. Every man feels the worth of his manhood.

"I have touched the summit of history. I did for mankind what none of you did before. They are rich. They are wise. They are free."

The Spirits of the dead Centuries sat silent, with troubled eyes. At last the Spirit of the First Century spoke for all:

"We all spoke proudly when we came here in the flush of our deeds, and thou more proudly than we all. But as we sit and think of what was before us, and what has come after us, shame and guilt bear down our pride. Your words sound as if the redemption of man had come at last. Has it come?

"You have made men rich. Tell us, is none in pain with hunger today and none in fear of hunger for tomorrow? Do all children grow up fair of limb and trained for thought and action? Do none die before their time? Has the mastery of nature made men free to enjoy their lives and loves, and to live the higher life of the mind?

"You have made men wise. Are they wise or cunning? Have they learned to restrain their bodily passions? Have they learned to deal with their fellows in justice and love?

"You have set them free. Are there none, then, who toil for others against their will? Are all men free to do the work they love best?

"You have made men one. Are there no barriers of class to keep man and maid apart? Does none rejoice in the cause that makes the many moan? Do men no longer spill the blood of men for their ambition and the sweat of men for their greed?"

As the Spirit of the Nineteenth Century listened, his head sank to his breast.

"Your shame is already upon me. My great cities are as yours were. My millions live from hand to mouth. Those who toil longest have least. My thousands sink exhausted before their days are half spent. My human wreckage multiplies. Class faces class in sullen distrust. Their freedom and knowledge has only made men keener to suffer. Give me a seat among you, and let me think why it has been so."

The others turned to the Spirit of the First Century. "Your promised redemption is long in coming."

"But it will come," he replied.

New York Times Praises

Praise has come for Prof. Rauschenbusch's book from an unexpected quarter. The reviewing columns of the New York Times, an organ of high capitalism, contains a long and appreciative review, from which I take these paragraphs:

"The author of 'Christianity and the Social Crisis,' believe it is the business of religion to strive for the realization of the higher Socialism on earth and in time. He was a pastor among the working people on the west side of New York City for eleven years before he entered upon his professorship, and there the inborn chivalry of his nature was quickened through his daily experience with the poor, and the sense of obligation grew upon him—that it is the mission of religion not only to deal with the regeneration of the individual, but to strive directly and immediately for the regeneration of society."

"It is enough to feel that the book was bravely written to free an honest man's heart; that conscientious scholarship, hard thinking, and the determination to tell the truth as he sees it, have wrought it out and enriched it; that it is written in a clear, incesive style; that stern passion and gentle sentiment stir at times among the words, and keen wit and grim humor flash here and there in the turn of a sentence; and that there is a noble end in view. . . . It is a book to like, to learn from, and, though the theme be sad and serious, to be charmed with."

BERGER IN CONGRESS.

(By National Socialist Press.)

Washington, Aug. 7.—"Within a year you will have to make up your minds on the subject of old-age pensions," declared Victor L. Berger, the Socialist representative, on the floor of the House today. "You will have to determine where you stand. A mighty wave of demands for the passage of some such law will roll in from every section of the country, and the issue will have to be met."

Berger obtained unanimous consent to address the House on old-age pension legislation. He spoke about fifteen minutes. At the conclusion of his address he was applauded by members of both old parties.

"In the life of the toiler," said Berger, "there are weeks, and sometimes months, of enforced idleness, weeks of unavoidable illness, losses from cheating and swindling, and then, as age creeps on, from about his forty-fifth year, a constantly declining capacity to earn, until at fifty-five or sixty he finds himself helpless and destitute.

"There is hardly a more pitiful tragedy than the lot of the toiler who has struggled all his life to gain a competence and who at sixty faces the poorhouse. The black slave had no such tragedy as this.

"Any toiler who has faithfully labored for a meagre wage for twenty years or more, has created more wealth than a meagre pension in old age can repay. Every toiler produces more than he is paid. Otherwise he would not be employed. It is a condition of the capitalist order of society that the employer must get the lion's share of the product.

"The word 'pension' is thus a misnomer. The payment ought to be called either 'partial restitution' or 'oldfolks' compensation.'"

The Socialist representative took occasion to attack the pension schemes now being established by various corporations. He said:

"In order to gain a pension from a corporation it is necessary for the workingman to tie himself to the corporation for life. In order not to lose the pension the workingman or workingwoman must be satisfied with his or her wage, laboring conditions and hours of labor. This subservance makes the laborer virtually a serf or slave and establishes a new feudalism.

"The second objection to private old-age pensions is that the system smacks of charity. It causes the worker to feel that some one owns him. The private system results in the bestowal of too much power in the hands of the employer over his workers."

In the course of his remarks Berger included his statement which he issued to the press at the time of the introduction of his old-age pension bill. Berger also inserted for publication in the Congressional Record the Supreme Court decision of 1868 which admitted that Congress has superior powers to the courts.

From press clippings received by Berger it is evident that the public is greatly interested in old-age pension legislation and in his efforts to secure the enactment of the same.

Berger Protects Political Refugee

On the presentation of the facts in the case by Berger, Secretary Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor has granted a stay in the deportation order against Theodore Malkoff, the Russian political refugee held at Ellis Island.

Malkoff arrived in the port of New York as a stowaway on the steamer Bierma last Monday. In an effort to elude capture he jumped into the water and swam to the shore. He was picked up, however, confined at Ellis Island and ordered deported.

Malkoff took part in the capture of the warship Potemkin in the revolution of 1905. Should he be deported the Russian Government would either execute him or send him to prison for life.

The New York Socialists, including Attorney Hillquit, have already taken up his case and intend to fight against his deportation by all means possible.

Calls It Kidnaping

The Senate Committee on the Administration of Criminal Law by Federal Officials characterizes extradition methods such as had been used in the McNamara case as ordinary kidnaping.

In a report to the Senate this committee says:

"If the court before whom the person charged with crime is brought in reality has no jurisdiction and the person is deprived of any opportunity to test that question by reason of his hasty transportation to and custody in a remote part of the United States, he has to all intents and purposes been kidnaped, and such person would seem to have been deprived of his liberty without due process of law."

The committee further says:

"We recommend to the consideration of Congress whether Congress can not constitutionally provide some remedy against the possibility of injustice in the execution of extradition under Section 3 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States, either providing that the person so charged with a crime shall not be removed from the State in which he is found within a certain number of days, thus affording him an opportunity to test the validity of his arrest and extradition in habeas corpus proceedings, or in some other manner if authority for any such exists."

The foregoing was signed by all the members of the committee. Borah, who was the prosecutor in the famous Haywood case, wrote that part of the report which relates to extradition matters.

There is no doubt that the Senate committee's report and recommendations will have great influence on the House Commitee on Judiciary which has charge of Berger's anti-kidnaping bill. It is generally believed that Congress will pass a law against official kidnaping in the near future.

Taft Upholds Berger's Claim

President Taft has notified Berger that he has decided to permit letter carriers to wear either coats or blouses in the summer as the men themselves prefer. The postal employes can decide this matter by referendum vote in each city.

Berger has failed to get a favorable ruling from the Postoffice Department, but the action of the President gives the men the much desired relief. Taft's action is the result of Berger's visit to the White House in behalf of these and other postal employes.

How Berger Voted

Berger voted for the Underwood bill to lower the tariff duties on cotton imported into this country. He also voted against the various obstructive motions of the Republicans during the consideration of that schedule.

When the recommendation of a House committee to dismiss from the Government service because of their alleged complicity in the Day portrait scandal came up Berger voted with the Republicans against the committee's report.

The Socialist Congressman agreed with the Republicans that these men had not been given their day in court. They had been convicted by the committee without even a trial. The accused may be guilty, says Berger, but they must first be tried in open court with a chance to defend themselves.

Want Berger to Umpire Game

The baseball teams of the House composed of Democrats and Republicans suggested that Berger umpire the next game. Berger declined the "honor," stating that he could not be impartial for he has strong sympathies for the underdog, namely, for the Republicans.

He recommended Taft as a substitute. Taft, he said, should be given that job as he called them into an extra session to give them a chance—to play ball.

Get after every anti-Socialist, especially every religious non-Socialist with the Replies to Hill. This magnificent 16-page paper can be had for 1c per copy in small bundles, $4.50 for 500 copies, $8 for 1,000. Get A BUNDLE NOW and let no preacher or layman escape.

A Story of the Boy Scouts

How the Scheme Worked—And How the Boy Scouts "Made Good"

By Lizzie M. Holmes

"I'm going to let my boy join the Boy Scouts. It's a fine thing for boys! It will teach them to be manly and brave, besides giving them a good deal of healthful sport while they're growing to be men."

Martin was seating himself on the porch of his one story wooden cottage, with his feet on the steps below, where his neighbor, old Jonas Geer, was already reclining against the railing, smoking his old clay pipe. Martin had his own pipe and tobacco and leisurely proceeded to light up, and the blue wreaths mingled above the heads of the men as the quiet street grew dusky under the fading light.

"Wull, I dunno's I would if 'twas me," Jonas answered slowly between puffs.

"You wouldn't? That's because you're behind the times. Why, it's one of the best training schools in the world for boys. You see they have to pledge themselves to be brave and kind, to stand up for one another, to do their duty, to obey their parents, and—and—"

"To obey their employers and superior officers. 'Sposin' the time should come when commands of parents and superior officers clash?"

"Oh, that is not likely to happen. And think of the athletic training the boys get—"

"With a view to turnin' 'em into scientific man killers. That's the sting in the tail of the varmint. They want men for their armies and grown men are gettin' leary of the job, so they're goin' to begin with young 'uns and drill 'em into obedience from babyhood."

"Aw, you're always croaking. David wants to join 'em and I'm going to let him."

"Course you'll do as you please, but I'll bet you'll be sorry."

The two men puffed away in silence while the shadows thickened and the street lights began to twinkle in long vista like rows far out into the night. When they spoke again other subjects were introduced.

In due time young David joined the Boy Scouts and came home mighty proud of his badge and his pledge, his physical rating and the prospects of great camping trips and grand sports of all kinds. His father and mother approved and he felt that he had done a very rational and beneficial thing; despite of old Jonas who smiled at the youngster's enthusiasm, but sagely shook his head.

David was fourteen and there were four children younger than himself. Martin worked in a large door and sash factory, and was always punctual, industrious and faithful; but he could not possibly earn enough to keep his family well fed, comfortably clothed and warmly sheltered, besides providing for their education, to say nothing of saving up for a rainy day. David was a bright boy and doing well in his studies at school. But a place could be obtained for him in the shop where his father worked, they sorely need his additional wages and the boy himself was anxious to begin to earn wages like a man. So it was decided that David should leave school and go to work.

All went well for some time. The fall passed, winter wore away, and when the summer heat crept over the city, the Boy Scouts were taken away on a trip to the Michigan woods where they had the time of their lives. Their jobs were assured them when they came back so there was no anxiety on that score. David and his family felt that there could be no good reason to regret the step he had taken. Jonas Geer gave him his fond, old toothless smile, but he shook his head just the same as once he said, "Jes' you wait an' see."

In the fall, mutterings of dissatisfaction began to be heard in the shop; and there were echoes of it from other shops, and men began to look serious and did not joke and josh one another as they had. Living was higher, and the prices paid in some departments of the industry were lower. Some obnoxious rules had been made and the men felt that they were less considered than the machines they attended. Three hundred and fifty boys worked in the shop and yards with the Woods, and about eight hundred men and boys in the shops in other parts of the city. Nightly meetings were held and everything was done to strengthen the union possible. Every worker was induced to join and preparations went on for a fierce struggle. A delegation was sent to the employers to present the demands of the workers. The employers took their own time in answering, but finally a message was sent back, declaring that the firms were doing all they could for their employes, that the markets were dull and it was a bad time to make these demands. If things went better in the next three months, they would see what could be done, etc., etc.

The strike was ordered. Every man walked out and left the shops deserted and silent—no not entirely deserted—the Boy Scouts remained at their posts. They were pledged to obey their superior officers and employers, and their orders were to stay. Most of these boys were sons of the strikers, and the fathers returned long enough to try to persuade the youngsters to come with them; but their efforts were fruitless. The planners of the scheme had builded wisely. The boys had been made to feel grateful and proud of their organization and that it was a grand thing for them to prove their loyalty now. The great economical question of how to gain a life long subsistence with their labor power had never come home to the boys, and they thought their parents foolish to give up a present good for some uncertain advantage in the future. They refused to stir.

Of course the boys could not perform the work their fathers had done but were kept in readiness to help when other men were to be had, and to carry out the impression of continued activity. The strike was on with all the dreary waiting, bitterness, want, struggles, little victories and defeats of strikers in general; with this added bitter feature; the sons were scabbing against their fathers! This entailed strained relations in the homes of the strikers. Martin Wood argued with David at first; put before him the reasons of the strike, told him of the suffering and injustice that would follow if it were lost, the incongruity of the fathers struggling against the employers while their sons were upholding them. But David was stubborn and thought with his young comrades that he was doing a noble thing in thus proving true to the trust his employers put in him. But he tried to come home only when his father was out, and found even his mother resentful and cold toward him. So, though unhappy and troubled he came home very seldom.

But the situation began to grow desperate, and the leaders of the strike declared that the boys must be made to leave the shops. Then it was that authorities clashed. The fathers commanded the boys to come home or never again expect to be a member of their households. A few of them left the shops and joined the strikers. But the largest number remained in spite of the parental edict, David among them. The employers provided a camp, where they slept and ate, practically prisoners, for they were not allowed to come and go freely, nor to be spoken to by the strikers or strangers. Their provisions were poor and their situation far from being pleasant, but the boys had imbued a sort of pride in sticking to the job no matter what happened and they endured it all with but little grumbling.

Every day men came to apply for work, men who were so desperate or hungry they cared nothing for the strike, or who had been flung by circumstances below wanting to work at all, and came for the adventure, for the extra pay, for the food served, or for a change from habitual tramping or stealing. Of course the strikers worked hard to stop these fellows and there were disturbances and some of them got hurt. Then the police were called on, and the Boy Scouts were placed on regular guard duty inside the fence.

Meanwhile the Woods family were faring badly. The last cent of their savings was gone, and the strike funds were so meager that they would not apply for help. One of the children fell sick and the mother was almost worn out with care and anxiety for her baby and grief and longing for her eldest son. Jonas Geer, who was a pensioned soldier, refrained from saying, "I told you so," but came in often with some offering, soup, an orange, an apple, or anything he could afford from his own slender store.

One morning, after the little child had pulled through a bad night, and the mother, broken with watching and grief laid her head on the table and sobbed unrestrainedly, Jonas who had just entered turned to Martin and said.

"Martin, look a here. You got to go and git that boy of yours. You tell him of little Jimmie and how bad his mother wants to see him, and he'll come, I'll bet. He's got to come."

Martin lifted his haggard eyes with a gleam of something warm in them. No one knew how he had been hungering for his boy.

"I am afraid I can't get to him, Jonas."

"Yes, ye can. I'll tell ye—I'll go myself. Maybe they'll let me inside—I aint a striker, ye know."

"But there's danger. I won't let you go alone. We'll go together and if you can get inside I'll be as near as I can on the watch. Maybe you can get him to come out and see me."

The two men walked over toward the shop. Throngs of people were on the street, groups of strikers and a good many sympathizers, besides streams of spectators looking on curiously to see what might happen. Policemen were everywhere, striding pompously along swinging their clubs and keeping the crowd moving. Martin and Jonas worked their way slowly up to the big gate.

"Get back!! Get back there!" yelled the officer on duty lifting his club.

"Why, see here, now neighbor," began Jonas ingratiatingly, brave in his sweet old ignorance and innocence, "we jes' want to speak to a boy inside, David Wood, maybe you know him. His little brother's awful sick an' his mother's grievin' herself to death."

"Move on, move on!" commanded the policeman. "Can't go in there without a permit," and he gave the old man a push with his club that nearly toppled him over.

It was useless to try to get inside in that way. They went sadly home and Martin wrote an eloquent letter to David and posted it, trusting that Uncle Sam could reach anybody within his province. But two days passed and no sign or word from the boy. So the next night the two men sallied out to make another attempt. It was quite dark, but a pale starlight made objects dimly visible after one became accustomed to the night. They skirted the high board fence until they reached a quiet spot on the alley. Here Martin dragged out a board that he had previously located, and leaned it against the fence. Steadying himself with the help of Jonas he climbed up, got his hands over the top of the wall and slowly began to draw himself to the top.

"Halt! Stop, or I fire!" A boyish treble trying to be gruff and stern rang out from inside the wall. Martin was so nearly over that he would not stop, but with a mighty effort raised himself to the top. A shot broke upon the stillness of the night. Martin heard a bullet whistle close to his ear.

"Martin, come down! Do come down! Think of your poor wife!" screamed Jonas in a tremor of fright. Martin now stood upright on the top of the board wall outlined against the sky behind him. Another shot spurted out from the darkness.

"David! David!" Martin cried aloud from the yearning of his heart, and fell backward to the ground. A terrible scream arose from within the wall. Jonas fell on his knees beside the prostrate man, sobbing wildly in impotent grief. He lifted the poor limp head on his arm and saw the blood spurting from a ragged hole in his neck.

"Martin! Martin! Have they killed you? And it was all my fault! Forgive, forgive, dear old friend!"

A crowd began to gather about, and the police appeared, prompt in their places to keep the people back. Some one came running very fast through the crowd, panting in great broken sobs and gasps like a spent, wounded animal.

"Where is he?" he gasped. "My God, what have I done!"

Seeing the man on the ground and Jonas beside him, he flung himself down shuddering and sobbing, a half crazed boy with a guilt on his soul time could never wash away.

"Kill me, father! Kill me before you go for you cannot forgive me!"

There was a flicker of the dying man's eyelids and he looked up and smiled faintly. Very low and brokenly he whispered, "I forgive. Go home—and take care—of your—mother, David." He tried to lift his hand to his boy's head, but failed; he smiled again, breathed a long heavy sigh, and was still.

The Boy Scouts deserted to a man. They marched together in the sombre procession that followed Martin Wood to his last resting place, and were never seen in a body again. David, dumb with the horror of his deed, moved only as he must and never spoke even in answer to his mother's sobbing forgiveness. He had his broken life to meet alone. —From The Tailor. Official organ of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF UNEMPLOYED.

The National Committee of Unemployed convenes at Washington, D. C., September 1 to 4, to discuss:

1. The Shortening of Hours.
2. A Minimum Wage.
3. The Establishment of National Employment Bureaus.
4. Free Transportation to the Job.

The object of these efforts, as announced by the committee, is "to sustain the lives of millions of unemployed until the establishment of the Industrial Republic, in which all will receive the full product of their toil."

The call for the convention is signed by:

J. Eads How, National Chairman, St. Louis.
Robt. Gillespie, Nat'l Organizer, Cincinnati.
Nicholas Klein, Local Advisor, Cincinnati.
James O'Niel, Nat'l Sec., Chicago,
and others.

LINCOLN REFUSES PARDON.

Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn, Mass., was made the bearer to President Lincoln of a petition for pardon by a person confined in the Newburyport jail for being engaged in the slave trade. He had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of one thousand dollars. The petition was accompanied by a letter to Mr. Alley, in which the prisoner acknowledged his guilt and the justice of his sentence. He was very penitent—at least on paper—and had received the full measure of his punishment, so far as it related to the term of his imprisonment, but he was held because he could not pay his fine. Mr. Alley read the letter to the president, who was much moved by its pathetic appeals; and when he had himself read the petition he looked up and said: "My friend, that is a very touching appeal to our feelings. You know my weakness is to be, if possible, too easily moved by appeals for mercy, and if this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arm of man could perpetrate I might forgive him on such an appeal; but the man who could go to Africa and rob her of her children and sell them into interminable bondage, with no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No, he may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine!" A sudden crime, committed under strong temptations, was venial in his eyes, one evidence of repentance; but the calculating, mercenary crime of man-stealing and man-selling, with all the cruelties that are essential accompaniments to the business, could win from him as an officer of the people no pardon. What a contrast to Taft, pardoning white slavers and men convicted of peonage.

Foss, Okla. J. F. Presley.
—Appeal to Reason.

A note to our editor from Geo. W. Coleman and Rev. Albert R. Williams of Massachusetts with a check for $12.00 reads thus: "A little recognition of your brave work for cleanness and straightness."

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

Fighting Windmills

I wonder how many of you ever read the good old piece of fiction called "Don Quixote?" (Pronounced Kee-o-ty, with the accent on the "o.") For the benefit of those who never had that pleasure, I will say that it is the story of a poor man who was so carried away (dee-lighted!) with the tales of knighthood and the so-called chivalry of the days of King Arthur, that he went crazy, and imagined himself a knight, setting out on his poor, raw-boned old horse, called Rosinante, attended by his servant, Sancho Panza, to rescue imaginary ladies in distress. In the course of his travels he encountered a windmill, which he attacked under the impression that it was a monster to be overcome in the service of his "ladye fair." It is many a year since I read this story, and I am a little hazy about some of the details. The book is what is called a "classic,"—that is, a piece of work of such excellence that it never becomes old, or out-of-date, and familiarity with it is taken for granted among well-educated people, like Pilgrim's Progress, Arabian Nights, or Robinson Crusoe. Ever since this book was written, when any one wastes time or energy in combating trifles, or imagining great dangers where none exist, they have been said to be "fighting windmills." Almost everyone is occasionally guilty of this form of folly in one direction or another. It is one of the ways in which many are most easily misled into taking the "seeming" for the real. In fact, most of the misery of many people comes from anticipating possible dangers and disasters which never really arrive.

You will remember that in our issue of July 6th, I referred to the Boy Scout movement as one in which some of our comrades saw a great danger to our boys in these days, with which view I could not agree. I am in receipt of the following letter in reference to my stand on that question:

* * *

Farmington, N. M., July 14th, 1911.

M. Kathryn Spiers,
901 W. Main Street,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—I always read your talks to children in the **Christian Socialist** and usually commend your good sense and tact. But I am sorry to see you defend the Boy Scout movement. Of course, on the face of it, the movement seems a good thing for boys—for the idle boys in cities who do not have enough to do and the toiling boys who work too hard. **It promises all that healthy, growing boys particularly like!** The Boy Scout manual says: "You therefore use as food the bait that the fish likes; **you will afterward season it with what you want them to have.**"

Capitalist leaders are not going to all the trouble and expense of keeping up a Boy Scout movement merely for the good of the boys themselves. They never do business that way. They know they are going to need soldiers to defend them when their victims protest, and in keeping the robbed wealth they have accumulated. They know they cannot depend upon grown men, taken suddenly from farms, shops, mines and mills to fight loyally every time for them. It is very hard to get volunteers for any kind of military service nowadays. They hardly dare make military training compulsory, as in Germany, so they have resorted to bribing the boys with trips, fun, adventures, things they all like and ought to have, to come and be trained for the scientific killing of their fellow beings, and to habits of implicit obedience, instead of learning to think for themselves. Would You like to pledge yourself to always unquestioningly obey "your employers and superior officers?" You would be putting yourself in a very risky and precarious situation if you did. You do not know what commands might be made or what kind of people might command you. Even under socialism I would not make such a promise to any one. It may be all right to promise to obey one's parents who are supposed to always have one's interests at heart, but certainly it would be dangerous to promise to implicitly obey people whose interests were directly opposed to yours, and to your class interests. Surely a kindhearted woman like yourself cannot look upon war or any kind of training for war with leniency I wish you would get "War; What For?" by George Kirkpatrick, on sale wherever socialist literature is for sale, and especially read the chapter to mothers and the one on the Boy Scout movement. I enclose a little story of my own which illustrates the possibilities of the plan. It has had quite a circulation.

It is well to be tolerant and kindly, but not to such dangers as these. Christ did not hesitate to whip the money changers in the temple. The Dick Military bill makes it possible for the capitalists to call out every citizen to fight their battles. Do not let us give them our children to train for the same horrid work.

Yours fraternally,
LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

* * *

Now, I was very glad to get this letter, which was accompanied by a little paper called THE OPEN LETTER, published in New York, and edited by J. C. Hogan, of Spring City, Pa., containing a story by Comrade Holmes called "A Story of the Boy Scouts." This story, very well-written, and calculated to appeal more to the emotions than the reason of the reader, supposes a situation in which the boy scout, used as a guard to property during a strike, shoots his own father—seems to me far-fetched. I do not believe any community would allow of such use of boys. **The Open Letter** also contains a communication from the executive secretary of the Boy Scouts to the editor, and his reply, with the latter's interpretation of the meaning of the letter from Secretary West. Editor Hogan thinks the Open Letter is "throwing the fear into the guilty souls" of those who are fostering the movement. Possibly he is right. Perhaps Comrade Holmes is correct—on these points "I am from Missouri," and will have to be "shown." Such stories as that of Comrade Holmes, and such letters as Editor Hogan's, do not carry conviction to my mind, so we must "agree to disagree," for the present at least. As to the Dick Military Bill, I remember seeing in a recent issue of the Appeal itself a practical recantation of the claim that the bill conferred any new or threatening powers upon the president as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and a regret that contrary claims made Socialists appear ridiculous to the well-informed. The Appeal formerly took a different view, and I am glad to note that it has the courage to reverse itself when error is discovered. "He is a coward who will not turn back, whenever he finds he is on the wrong track!" At present it appears to me as absurd for any one to deny their boys the benefits to be derived from the training and discipline and physical development offered by the Boy Scout movement, because of any such bugaboo as is raised in Comrade Holmes' story, as it would be to refuse to send them to public school because under capitalism their abilities may be prostituted (nay, are almost certain to be) to the support of that system, when their education is finished. All this cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" may do some good in the promotion of watchfulness, but to me it savors of unwholesome and fanatical prejudice, lack of common-sense and trust in providence. Perhaps I am wrong. Will Comrade Holmes admit that she may also be wrong? The future will disclose with whom the error lies—I can only urge a suspension of judgment. There must be honest difference of opinion on many points, and kindly criticism and discussion is always profitable and welcome. On general principles, I am in favor of non-combative methods of reform. That is, it is more in line with my disposition to combat error by a positive statement of the truth, with as complete a demonstration as I am able to make, than by a direct assault upon the error or falsity. In other words I prefer the "constructive" to the "destructive" method. So I would recommend to those who fear possible evil results from the Boy Scout movement, that they employ their time, means and energy in making calm and reasonable statements of weaknesses and defects, and, allowing for possible good intentions in its promoters, co-operate with them, as Secretary West requested Editor Hogan to do, to preserve the good features of the work. Mr. West says in his letter to Editor Hogan: "Surely you cannot deny that the movement has great possibilities. Why can't we all work together to give it a fair trial?" To which Editor Hogan replies by a categorical attack on the capitalist system and Taft and Roosevelt, all of which, while it may be based upon truth, offers no reason for total condemnation of the movement. The fact that these men's names are used as nominal heads of the movement does not give any one the right, even if they were as totally debased and unworthy as Editor Hogan assumes, to condemn the motives and conduct of every one associated with them. "Do you think such men are qualified to teach honor and honesty?" says Editor Hogan. Evil men may teach morality, and teach it effectively. Witness Christ's reference to the heads of the Jewish hierarchy and his advice to the common people: "All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works; for they say and do not." (Matt. xxiii:3.)

I will be glad for my boys to get all the military discipline they can. (I don't believe in war, but am not in all circumstances a non-combatant.) If trouble arises, and a division comes, I know on which side they will be found, and they need take no oath they do not wish to take. A number of boys in the Boys' Brigade here, which is patterned on similar lines to the Boy Scouts, refused point blank to make the promise they were requested to make, and they were allowed to hold their membership. I prefer the Boy Scouts, as less military and more utilitarian, however.

Aunt Kathryn.

Prosser's Sunday School comments in this issue are great. See page 7.

BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
56 E. Randolph St., Chicago

SOCIALIST POST CARDS, four different kinds, "What Socialism Means," by E. E. Carr; "The Economic Foundation of Freedom," by W. W. Passage; "Socialism Necessary to Christianity," by Rev. Jas. L. Smiley, and "Frances E. Willard's Views of Socialism." 10c per dozen, 50c per hundred, assorted samples, 10c.

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THE RELIGION OF LABOR and other essays, by Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, Ph. D. Besides the exquisite essay on "The Religion of Labor," this rare pamphlet contains a striking article on "The Seal of Poverty" and two excellent essays on "Spiritual Elements in the Socialist Movement." Thirty pages; 5c each, 12 for 50c, $3.00 per hundred.

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THE GOLDEN RULE REPUBLIC NO UTOPIA, by Rev. Wm. H. Randall. A clear explanation of HOW SOCIALISM WILL WORK. 180 pages of good propaganda matter, paper, 25c, 3 copies 60c, 6 copies for $1.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S POEMS, "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," and "Lincoln and Other Poems." $1 per volume. Markham is by all odds the greatest Poet of the Social Passion in the World. His poems, both volumes, should be in every home. His greatest poems ought to be committed to memory.

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ENCOURAGING LETTERS

Many kind and encouraging letters are being received by the editor of the **Christian Socialist**, which inspire his heart with thankfulness and courage. He only regrets that he can not personally answer them all. And he desires to express his deep appreciation of the value of these letters to him personally, and to the board of directors of the paper. May God bless you every one, dear comrades, in the way most lasting and beneficial.

THAT CRISIS

By Harvey P. Moyer

A good comrade from California writes to say, "If the **Christian Socialist** is on its last legs, and is going to fail like so many other Socialist papers, we do not like to ask others to subscribe and lose their money."

This good comrade wants more light. For his benefit and for the benefit of others who may have the same fears, we wish to say that the **Christian Socialist** is not going to fail. THE SAME CONSECRATED, INDOMITABLE SPIRIT IS STILL BACK OF THIS PAPER THAT THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION AND SUFFERING, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL, STARTED AND MAINTAINED IT FROM THE BEGINNING. These people know no such thing as failure, though their work has cost them much sacrifice and most of the ordinary comforts of life.

The **Christian Socialist** will not fail. The only danger is that temporarily, owing to the many misrepresentations that have culminated in the unjust expulsion from the Socialist Party of its editor, Comrade Carr, the financial returns may depreciate to such an extent that we may not be able to continue the paper as a weekly until the comrades fully realize the true situation and again rally to the support of the paper as we know they will.

This is the only real danger. It would be a calamity to be compelled to go back again to a semi-monthly, and, perhaps, to a smaller size. This would interfere with the great Sunday-schools lessons by Comrade Prosser. This would also greatly delay the splendid articles by the editor on "Socialism in the Bible," just begun and not yet beyond Exodus. Besides, this would most seriously delay our contemplated sixteen page weekly with all its many improvements and our plans for a greater and more useful propaganda work, including the publication of Christian Socialist books and pamphlets now in readiness.

We know that there are thousands of comrades who have the cause of Socialism at heart above everything else. They realize that there are millions of people who would join us in our work if we could convince them that Socialism is right and that it will not interfere with their ideas of right and wrong in morals and religion.

This task is the special mission of the **Christian Socialist**, and for this reason we are being supported by Socialists of all beliefs. Indeed some of our most effectual workers are men who have not the slightest sympathy with our personal religious principles, but who see that we are working along the lines of least resistance, and are thus doing the most effectual work possible for the Socialist Party. And if all the Christian Socialists themselves would equally realize the effectiveness of the **Christian Socialist** as a propaganda paper we would be able to do ten times the work we are now doing in hastening the growth of the Socialist Party and the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The same good comrade referred to above asks, "What are you going to do with this five hundred dollars?"

Why, bless you, brother, it takes more than half of that amount each week to pay the ordinary running expenses of this paper. No paper can be run very long without paying large printing bills, paper bills, postage, labor, rent, light, heat, etc., **though I do not believe there is a paper anywhere, Socialist or otherwise, run under a smaller margin of expense than the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.** The editor and his wife are the main office force with a few helpers for the extensive detail work. Their salaries are pitifully small, especially when you consider what each could receive in other lines of business for which they are fitted, and when you think of the necessary heavy demands in a large city of a large Socialist family who need food, clothes, educational advantages, even as other people.

Moreover, when you realize that Socialist papers have NO CAPITAL TO FALL BACK ON, but depend upon the steady flow of income from new subs, book orders, orders for stock, etc., through the steady work of faithful comrades all over the United States and Canada, you can see how easy it is to reach a crisis, especially in this regularly depressing summer season and when magnified by the temporary depressing effect of our recent fight for purity in the Party.

But, as the summer season is rapidly drawing to a close, and our comrades are beginning to rally beautifully to our help in the reaction that is already rapidly setting in, we feel that it will be only a short time before we will be fully on our feet again and doing greater work than ever.

If the enthusiasm and material help of the few comrades who have already been heard from is an index of the spirit and work of all our friends, the good work of the **Christian Socialist** of the past will be doubled in the near future and there will be the greatest movement for a strong, pure, and drawing Socialist Party in the United States ever attempted, one that will bring the great Socialist truths with wonderful force to the hearts and consciences of all people and rapidly hasten the growth of our Party.

Remember, there is not a dollar of profit in this paper. Every cent of money received from the comrades goes for the actual expenses in maintaining the paper and in sending it out where it will do the most good for the cause of Socialism.

This is our only reason for asking the comrades for money.

This is why we are looking for a comrade in every town or local to raise ONLY SIX DOLLARS to send the **Christian Socialist** to FORTY of the best Christian workers in his community FOR THREE MONTHS,—the best Socialist propaganda offer ever made. As this is such an easy task, provided some comrade will take hold with a determined effort to accomplish it, will not some subscriber of this paper in every community and local take up this duty this week? A thousand such workers this week would put the **Christian Socialist** on a permanent weekly basis.

Furthermore, if we can get FIVE HUNDRED COMRADES to pledge us ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH for one year in subscriptions, we will promise you to start the SIXTEEN PAGE WEEKLY not later than September first and give you THE BEST SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA PAPER EVER PUBLISHED. That is, for every dollar contributed to this special sustaining fund, we will give a one year's subscription card for the **Christian Socialist**, which you can either give away or sell and get your money back for the next month's subscription.

Now, comrades, this is not impossible. It is a simple, easy, and practicable plan. Out of 20,000 readers of the **Christian Socialist**, it ought to be very easy to find FIVE HUNDRED SOCIALISTS who are enough interested in this cause of humanity to sacrifice, especially at this trying time, one dollar per month—only, twenty-five cents per week.

This would not only put us on our feet, but it would keep us there, and enable us to push the Christian Socialist as never before. This proposition is not throwing money away. It is PLANTING IT where it will do by far THE GREATEST POSSIBLE AMOUNT OF GOOD. It will also give us a new reader for every dollar you contribute. What better proposition could you ask?

Comrades, if you believe in this cause and want to do your share, act quickly. DO IT NOW.

BECOME A STOCKHOLDER

We would like for every reader of the Christian Socialist to become a shareholder in the Co-Operative Printing Co., which publishes the paper, and become a part of the concern. This would enable you to be present at the annual meeting, either in person or by proxy, to vote on all matters there considered, including the election of Directors. To encourage you to do so, we offer to all stockholders the Christian Socialist and all books which we produce at 50 per cent discount. And for a limited time we will make the following offer:

1 share of Stock	**$10**
Ten yearly sub-cards	**10**
Total	**$20**
All for	**$14**

If you wish **twenty regular** (not special) six-month sub-cards in place of ten yearlies on this offer, all right.

The Christian Socialist, 56 E. Randolph St., Chicago.

WAR—WHAT FOR?

Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick's great and stirring book. 352 pages, 13 full page illustrations, trenchant discussions of every phase of the vital subject.

Eugene V. Debs says: "This wonderful book is an immortal achievement. It has set fire to all the blood in my veins."

Prices, $1.20 each; 80 cents each for three or more copies ordered at once.

Address the **Christian Socialist.**

The Christian Socialist,
56 E. Randolph Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

……………………August———, 1911.

Gentlemen:—

Responding to your appeal for help in the great crisis, I hereby promise to pay to the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, at Chicago, Ill., on or before September 1st, 1911, the sum of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY-FIVE CENTS (that being one nickel a day for the month of August), to assist in the maintenance and increase of your work for the Gospel of Socialism.

Address ……………………………… Name ………………………………

Don't put down this paper—Get the Scissors and the Pen and GET BUSY.

THE LIVE ONES

By Mrs. Ella Carr

Dear Comrades:

We are so glad to report the kind, self-sacrificing and generous gifts of those who have helped us in our time of need. You have done it out of love for our great cause. We are still in need and want many others who have not yet responded to do their part. There will be several weeks yet of hot weather, and this has always been a trying time to get money enough to pay the bills and especially as our expenses are much heavier on account of the Weekly. To cheer us all up we print a few of the many expressions of praise which we receive about the **Christian Socialist**. -It makes us all feel good to know we are doing good.

* * *

"Your position is so strong and just and the paper so thoroughly Christ-like that I read it with great pleasure and profit. I shall hope a little later to help out in the uplift and maintenance of so valuable a journal."—Dr. Franklin F. Marsh, Massachusetts.

The comrades all over the land have made the paper what it is by their toil and generous giving. You may well claim it as your paper. It could never have been with out your work.

* * *

Comrade C. M. Goodhue, of California, writes: "Keep up the good work. **The Christian Socialist** is making Socialist converts wherever it is read."

* * *

With his order, Comrade Phillip Jago, of Pennsylvania, says: "Cannot tell you how much we appreciate the C. S. week by week."

* * *

"**The Christian Socialist** is a live wire and I want to spread it so that it may give Capitalism an electric shock."—Henry Faulk, Texas.

That is right, Comrade. We think it has already given Capitalism many shocks and we want to keep it up till Capitalism is demolished. How many will begin now to help who have not yet done anything? We need hundreds of new recruits.

* * *

Comrade P. J. Staggs, of New Mexico, sent six dollars for forty three month cards, and says: "I propose to help increase the circulation of **The Christian Socialist** as I believe that it stands for the moral and economic uplift of humanity."

That is the way to work. We want that circulation of 50,000 for the campaign of 1912 we have so often talked about.

* * *

How the Leaven Works

"We appreciate your paper very much and are doing some missionary work with it. In fact it has converted and made fighters for our cause who were the 'dyed-in-the-wool kind' on old party lines."
—J. W. Smith, Oklahoma.

* * *

"Some friend sent me a trial subscription and now I find I cannot do without it."—William Brimfield, New Jersey.

* * *

"Kindly put me on your subscription list for six months. I can't stand it to be without the paper any longer. In place of borrowing the paper I want to be able to lend it to some other friend."—R. L. Cathcart, Pennsylvania.

* * *

The following comrades have donated to the Maintenance Fund:

Ralph Kline, Ohio	$1.50
A. Seubert, Washington	5.00
S. Pooley, New York	2.00
Jacob Rufi, Kansas	1.00
Mrs. E. E. Brown, Illinois	1.90
Ohannes Varshag, Colorado	1.00
Nora E. Ferrell, Pennsylvania	1.50
Frank Fosdick, Wisconsin	1.50
H. C. Bent, California	1.55
J. A. Thompson, Mississippi	1.55
Rev. W. H. Tomlins, Illinois	.25
Wm. Scott, Iowa	5.00
Solomon Hoxie, Illinois	1.00
H. M. Riedel, Ohio	1.00
Matilda Grote, Indiana	2.00
A. D. Lincoln, Florida	1.00
Geo. H. Gibson, Illinois	3.00
Geo. W. Coleman, Massachusetts	10.00
Rev. A. R. Williams, Massachusetts	2.00
Wm. B. Ellis, New Jersey	1.00
Frank Taylor, Minnesota	2.00
Louis Long, New Jersey	2.00
Thos. E. Will, District Columbia	1.00
Andrew Allan, Florida	2.00
Z. L. Marshall, North Carolina	1.00
A. J. Carlson, Massachusetts	2.55
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Batchelder, Oregon	3.20
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John Taylor, Washington	2.00
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Mrs. E. B. Cooke, New York	3.10
Gideon Noel, Michigan	2.00
S. A. McKee, Pennsylvania	1.55
H. H. Ijams, Clinton Meade, J. R. Daly, J. E. Keyhill, Tony Fastabend, Missouri	7.25
W. I. Humphrey, California	.25
P. B. Jackson, California	1.55
Royal F. King, Washington	1.50

The following have sent for sub cards and also lists of subs to help the Maintenance Fund:

C. A. Waite, Kansas	$8.00
Chas. Diether	6.00
Henry Baeckler, Pennsylvania	6.00
D. C. Kershner, West Virginia	6.00
Rev. James L. Smiley, Maryland	5.00
J. L. Mason, Oklahoma	5.00
J. C. Poole, Massachusetts	5.00
Wm. Richards, West Virginia	4.25
J. M. Russell, Texas	3.00
J. E. McIver, Texas	2.50
Henry Maulk, Texas	2.25
Bertha Witmer, Utah	2.25
Walter Bagby, Ohio	2.00
F. G. Rowbottom, Minnesota	2.00
Thomas Hartley, Florida	2.00
E. M. Plumb, Michigan	2.00
Jim Y. Maxwell, Oregon	1.50

* * *

The following have bought stock and sub cards:

Clayton F. Woods, California	$10.00
Laura Cunningham, California	14.00
V. P. Hyden, Florida	20.00
Herman Herrlich, New York	10.00

* * *

Moyer's Songs of Socialism

Are selling this summer but not nearly fast enough. You will need these books in the great campaign of 1912 and it is by no means too soon to order them.

Comrade Boicourt of Nebraska with his order promises to make the woods ring with the Gospel of Socialism. We want other Comrades to make the towns and villages resound with the echoes of these great songs.

Comrade Mrs. R. Proebstel, California, writes. "I can hardly keep from shouting over the glorious victories which keep continually coming our way. I want this Song Book so I can sing out some of my joy." Let us catch the enthusiasm of this Comrade and remember that while we sing out our joy we at the same time will add to our victories by making new converts to Socialism.

Comrade Walter Huggins of Chicago was invited to give an address on Socialism in a church in Thawville, Ill. Comrade A. Hayes Black of that place sent for song books and said, "They are just fine. We are going to get up some special music for the occasion." When we learn to add to our propaganda meetings the Socialist song service, we will double the value of them. People who may not be impressed with a lecture may be stirred and converted by Socialist songs.

Late orders for one dozen or one-half a dozen copies have come from Canada, Michigan, North Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Nebraska, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Washington and California. Thousands of copies have been sold all over our land and we want the number to go up to the hundreds of thousands. Why not during this next campaign, which no doubt will be the greatest yet.

Price, paper binding, 20c each, six for $1.00, $1.75 per dozen. In beautiful crimson cloth, 30c each, four for $1.00, $2.50 per dozen.

SOCIALISM AND THE TRUSTS

By Levin T. Jones, Baltimore

To the Editor of the **Christian Socialist**:

The Socialists have always taken the position that the trusts should be allowed to grow until they became (in accordance with economic law) absolute monopolies, at which time the people should take possession of them and operate them in their own interests. The other political parties, with the cry of "Down with the trusts" have, as usual, fooled the people's representatives into passing destructive laws, such as that known as the Sherman law, under which the Supreme Court is now to decide whether the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company shall be forced back into old time competition. And we have the capitalist world fighting with all their might against competiton and for the retention of private monopoly.

This cry of "Down the trusts" is really a cry for an impossible industrial "equality" under the existing system. So they have brought home to them the claim they make against the Socialists of wanting "equality."

To drive the trusts back to competition is to put us out of the world's markets, for we must use the methods of other nations to enable us to compete with them and it would be industrial suicide to use antiquated machinery in the worldwide struggle for the foreign market, which all nations know that they must secure or perish, for under the current profit system the worker produces more than he can buy back. This brings overproduction which causes the mills to stop and renders labor idle. Only in the Socialist state can we be indifferent to the foreign market and foreign competition, for if the worker gets all he produces he can consume all he produces.

The Sherman law and the ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission has laid down laws under which they expected capital to continue contentedly. Well, capital refuses. Just as a man refuses to pay 25 cents for a shave when he can get the same service for 10 cents. For a year capital has withdrawn itself—as far as it could—from many American industries until they are now running on half capacity, and many thousands of workers are jobless. And if the present government continues its efforts to "down the trusts" we are likely to have a panic beside which that of 1907-1908 was a picnic. This panic also was brought about by a governmental attack upon private monopoly. In this connection it is worth while to know that the business of Europe and Canada is running on full time, while we are in the awful dumps. The Canadian Pacific stock is at 208, while Union Pacific is at 173 and Union Pacific runs through a perfect garden while the other runs through a comparative wilderness.

"Capital" refuses to dicker under the "down the trust" idea which must surrender the foreign market. And because of t.is refusal the mills are now—and have been—closing down and thousands of workers are idle and penniless with no hope of work in the near future. In consequence of this cracked-brain statesmanship of the government and the consequent and fatal following the home is broken up and love made free. So those grave charges against Socialism have been brought home to roost. Do we not read of hundreds of thousands of men who are compelled to abandon their families? Why not? It makes one less mouth for the women to fill. Do not the young men who are wise to the situation refuse to marry? Does not this render free love probable?

Does not all this show that if you tell lies about Socialism—which is the next step in the divine plan—the great Regulator of the universe will prove His existence by writing them at last across your own foreheads?

MORE BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
56 E. Randolph St., Chicago

THE PEOPLE'S HOUR. Stirring Labor and Socialist Poems by George Howard Gibson. Every Comrade should have a copy. 137 pages, cloth, $1.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM, "An Appreciation of the One and a Plea for the Other," by Patrick J. Cooney. Neat paper binding, 32 pages, 10c.

THEY MUST or **GOD IN THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY,** by Herman Kutter of Zurich, Switzerland. A most thrilling book on religion and Socialism. 232 pages, cloth, $1.

WAR—WHAT FOR—Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick's great and stirring book. 352 pages, 13 full page illustrations, trenchant discussions of every phase of the vital subject. **Eugene V. Debs says:** "This wonderful book is an immortal achievement. It has set fire to all the blood in my veins." **Prices,** $1.20 each; 80 cents each for three or more copies ordered at one time.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS. By Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch. The latest and best American book on Christian Socialism; $1.60, postage paid.

POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. Cloth, $1.50. Everyone should read this great and awful book, in which the actual condition of the American people is clearly revealed. No one can talk on economics intelligently without these facts and figures.

CAPITAL. By Karl Marx. Revised edition, translated by Ernest Untermann. The economic Bible of Socialism. No one is well read in economy who has not read Marx. Three volumes. Price, $2.00 each.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. By W. T. Mills. The greatest American work on scientific Socialism; $2.00.

THE BELLE ISLERS. By Richard Brinsley Newman. A novel of rare wit, satire, wisdom and force. Supposed to be written of the inhabitants of a small town by the 15-year-old son of the minister. It is a rich portrayal of the world in miniature under capitalism, showing how business, politics, religion and social life are affected. You will enjoy its keen shafts, its boyish freshness and originality; $1.60.

THE ANCIENT LOWLY. By C. Osborne Ward. An exhaustive instructive study of the workers from before the time of Moses. Gives the real cause and meaning of the Exodus, explains the communism of Jesus and the apostolic church, and traces the pathetic, terrible, heroic labor struggle through ancient Greece and Rome. Throws astonishing light on the early Christian movement. Every student, especially every minister, should have it. A monumental work, entirely unapproached. Two large volumes, $2.00 each.

CATHOLIC SOCIALISM. By Prof. Francesco S. Nitti, of the University of Naples, Italy. One of the most interesting, comprehensive and helpful books on Socialism from the standpoint of religion and political economy. Excellent for both Catholics and Protestants. Imported. Over 400 large pages; $3.00.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. By English Walling. The heart cry of a great people in birth agony. The voice of the awakening world. 475 large pages. 50 pages of illustrations. The greatest contribution to recent Socialist literature; $3.00.

LIFE OF KARL MARX, the climax of John Spargo's work, a magnificent book with many engravings. No real Socialist student should miss this matchless book. $2.70.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Morris Hillquitt. One of the very best written and most comprehensive of the greater books on Socialism. 356 pages, $1.60.

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR AUG. 20th

Jeremiah Cast Into Prison. Jeremiah 37 and 38

Golden text, Matt. 5:11: Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Jeremiah's Last Message

The last lesson occurred in the 4th year of Jehoiakim's reign, this one in the 9th of Zedekiah's, a period of about 17 years. These were momentous years fraught with destiny-determining problems. Each year was an opportunity and an open door of escape from the impending doom. But the rulers were too blind to see their opportunity and too mulish to run away from the fire. There was one man, Jeremiah the prophet, who did see things as they were and proclaimed them, and it is the attitude of the would-be statesmen toward him that constitutes the heart of his lesson.

At this moment, and for many previous years, Egypt and Babylon were earnestly contending for universal supremacy. Palestine, including the little kingdom of Judah, was the key to the situation and the coveted prize. The chances of success were on the side of Babylon. Jeremiah saw this and insistently urged, in public and private, that the cause of God and the people would be conserved by submission to Babylon. The king and princes would not or could not see it that way. They believed that their personal safety and interests lay in the supremacy of Egypt and hence favored allegiance to and reliance upon Egypt. This was the cause of the political division among them and the bitter prolonged opposition to Jeremiah.

Zedekiah, the king, who seems to be a mere puppet, a time server, desirous of holding on to both sides and coming out on top, whichever side wins, finds himself, as all such men do, between the devil and the deep sea. He acknowledges his fear of and subserviency to the princes and at the same time confesses, by his repeated private interviews with the prophet and efforts to save him from the rigors of the dungeon and from death, his superstitious fear of the Man of God. Standing upon the little hillock of his own personal safety and interests he is absolutely lost amid the complexity of the national issues and helpless to do anything to relieve the situation. He is a rudderless ship at sea, tossed and driven by counter currents. The helplessness of the man is really pathetic. In his dilemma he repeatedly secretly calls for Jeremiah and seeks for definite authoritative information. Jeremiah gives it to him and it is anything but "apples of gold in a picture of silver" for him. His message to the king is the same he had given to the princes and people and deserves careful reading. The substance of it is as follows:

Said Zedekiah to Jeremiah is there any "word from Jehovah?" Yes, your majesty, answered Jeremiah, there is. It is this, "Pharaoh's army, which is come forth to help you (and upon which you lean) shall return to Egypt into their own land. And the Chaldeans (against whom you are rebelling) shall come again and fight against this city; and they shall take it and burn it with fire. Thus saith Jehovah, deceive not yourselves, saying, the Chaldeans shall surely depart from us; for they shall not depart. For though ye had smitten the whole army of the Chaldeans that fight against you, and there remained but wounded men among them, yet would they rise up every man in his tent and burn this city with fire."

Yes, King Zedekiah, Jehovah has further said that thou, even "thou, shalt be delivered into the hands of the king of Babylon." "All that abide in this city shall die by the sword, by the famine and by the pestilence; but he that goeth forth to the Chaldeans shall live. This city shall surely be given into the hands of the army of the king of Babylon, and he shall take it."

Now Zedekiah this is the message from God and there is only one way to escape the promised doom—"surrender to the Babylonians. You can do this. The responsibility is upon you. Act now and save the nation." To this impassioned Divine message the king made the significant reply, "I am afraid." He was afraid of the powerful princes, the escaped Jews in the Babylonian camp and his own personal safety and interests. Such was the depth and length of his devotion to his country. Out of fear lest he might lose his office and perhaps his life by a definite course of action he would remain inactive and suffer the nation to sink below redemption; allow it to be battered to atoms, burned to ashes, sacked, the people ravaged, despoiled, murdered and deported.

This is a glimpse of class-ruled society; of the interest of the privileged class in the welfare of the nation in a crisis. The privileged class, who have it in their power to save the nation from divisions, miseries and ruin, will not lift a finger to do it. Rather than risk losing their hold on the throats of the people and their grip on the sources of wealth and power by concessions they would, they do, let the nation sink to hell. Judging, not solely from this instance but from the whole history of monarchy, oligarchy and plutocracy, there is no hope, absolutely no hone, for the people in the so-called upper class. The hope of national salvation lies not in the special few but in the people; not in irresponsible rulers but in public servants who are compelled to serve society or suffer a recall.

Traitor

Jeremiah did not confine his message to the king, but preached it to the princes and people. Publicly and privately he declared dependence upon Egypt a false hope and absolute submission to Babylon as the only true hope of salvation. This brought upon him awful accusations and terrible persecution. The princes and their flunkies charged this holy man with being a traitor, "falling away to the Chaldeans," "seeking not the welfare of the people but their hurt" and "weakening the hands of the men of war." That his message tended to discourage the warriors was no doubt true, but that Jeremiah was a traitor, a coward and sought not the good of the people, was, as he replied, false. He was, so far as we know, the only outspoken patriot in the nation and friend of the people. But this was of no moment to the princes, the message served the purpose of a pretext to accuse, arrest, beat, imprison and pronounce Jeremiah worthy of death.

How true the Bible is to life! The representative characters of plutocracy and democracy in the Bible are no different to those outside the Bible. The tactics resorted to in this instance are the same used everywhere. The prophet delivers his message then the cry goes up from the throats of those whose interests are jeopardized by the message: "Enemy of the people, traitor, treason, death." When Elijah delivered his message to Ahab, Christ preached his Gospel of good tidings to the poor of Palestine, Luther thundered "the just shall live by faith" into the heart of Europe the same cry: Enemy, traitor, treason, death, went up from the throats of the parasitic rulers in each instance. Today, when the fearless prophet of truth proclaims his message from printed page, soap-box, rostrum or pulpit, the same old cry is heard, "Down with the traitor, the enemy of the common good, the disturber of the peace." And such accusations are usually followed by appropriate action—persecution and when possible imprisonment and death.

The prophet of truth must, simply must, be silenced at any cost. If conditions prevent death and imprisonment then persecution, blatant denial, foul argument and a crusade of vilification are resorted to. If the prophet cannot be silenced, if he preaches his gospel in spite of all opposition the day is lost, a revolution is near at hand.

The Old Book says, "if any one lives," and I presume that means preaches too, "Godly in Christ Jesus he shall suffer persecution." There seems, therefore, only one way for any one to escape opposition under Mammonism and that is to live and preach ungodly. Sell out to the devil; live, act and talk according to the rules of Mammon and you will grow in stature and in favor with the flesh, world and the devil in proportion to your success. If any priest or prophet can manage to preach the truth and avoid the Present he will, like the priests and prophets of Jeremiah's day escape opposition, secure a good berth and finally land in hell.

Imprisonment

Irijah, a captain of the ward and a member of the nobility, keeping watch for traitors, apprehended Jeremiah at the gate of Benjamin as he was going out, with the people, to his native town to transact some personal business. He took the occasion to accuse him of treason and brought him to the princes who, quite willingly, believed the charge, beat him and thrust him in prison in the house of Jonathan the scribe. Here he was ill-treated and nearly starved to death. After having been confined here "many days" the king sent for him secretly to inquire if any word had come from Jehovah. While in the king's presence Jeremiah pleaded not to be sent back to the dungeon-cell in Jonathan's house lest he die. The king granted the request and sent him to the court of the guard and gave him daily a loaf of bread, until the bread in the city was exhausted.

The princes, not content with this contrived to kill the prophet. So they "said to the king let this man, we pray thee, be put to death," and the king replied, "Behold, he is in your hands, for the king is not he that can do anything against you." So they took him from the guards and let him down by cords into a waterless cistern to perish in the mire. And he would have perished there and then had it not been for the good office of a negro servant who with the consent of the king, rescued him from the pit.

How was it that the princes did not at once execute Jeremiah instead of putting him into the well to die slowly of starvation and suffocation? Perhaps out of a superstitious dread of actually shedding the blood of a prophet or some false feeling that they would be less guilty of murder if they let him die in the well than cut off his head. This is an old trick to escape guilt. It is the same thing that Reuben advised his brethren to do with Joseph. "Shed no blood," said he, "but cast him into this pit in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him." By a similar blending of hypocrisy and superstition, the mediaeval church thought to keep herself unstained by the blood of heretics, by handing them over the secular arm. Macbeth was obsessed by the same infamous philosophy for having hired some one else to kill Banquo he confronted his ghost with these words:

"Thou cans't not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

And our modern captains of industry vainly think the same thing. Because tens and hundreds of thousands of men, women and children lose their lives, health and usefulness in the process of production; because they are maimed and killed by the double-quick pace, the rapidly revolving and unprotected machinery, excessive labor and hours, insanitary working conditions, low. wages, poor food, clothing and housing; because the workers die like cattle in a plague, the modern princes of industry insolently hurl into the face of God and man and the accusing ghosts of the dead toilers, "Ye can not say we did it." But common sense and plain justice answer back, "You lie." You have and do murder these people by compelling them to live and work as they do. You have dug the cistern and you have put the workers into it and you leave them there to perish. And what is the difference between cuttting a man's head off at once and putting